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*Middle Club*  
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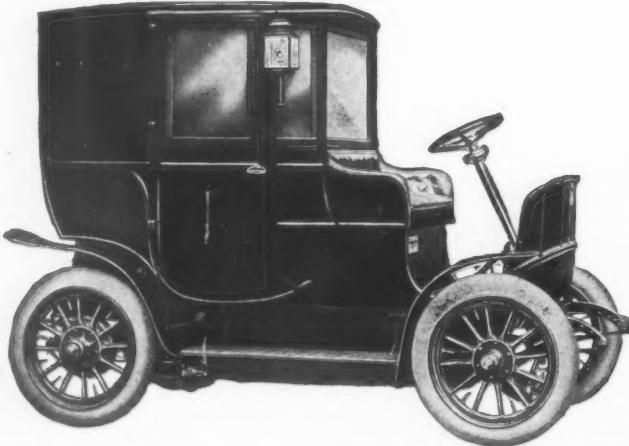


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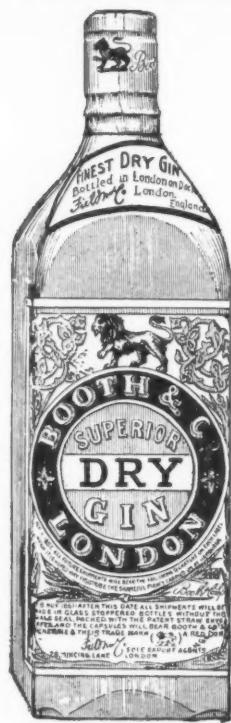
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# LIFE



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"PLEASE DON'T LINGER IN THE STUDIO, JANET. YOU UPSET ALL MY IDEAS."

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"I'M TRYING TO CREATE A NEW VENUS."

#### Meredith to Date.

**W**E may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilized man cannot live without crooks.

#### Dirt Cheap.

**B**RIGGS: It seems as if everything necessary had gone up in price—except human life, that's cheaper than ever.

GRIGGS: But that isn't a necessity.



#### Commerce.

**A**BOUT one man in ten really makes things. The other nine live off him. Of the nine, one operates on him, or tells him how to get out of obeying the law, or teaches him how to save his soul; three govern him; but five sell him things he doesn't want.

It is estimated that twenty-two billions of dollars' worth of stuff is sold in these United States in the course of a year.

**D**ISTANCE lends enchantment to the Jew.

## • LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XLVI. OCT. 12, 1905. No. 1198.  
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"ROGERS Resumes Testimony" was a recent headline in a Boston newspaper, and the paper went on to record that Mr. Rogers had come to town to testify further in a suit brought against him by the Bay State Gas Company. Mr. Rogers, the paper said, was looking in the best of health and spirits, which is good news. We have Mr. Lawson's word for it that when Mr. Rogers is pleasant he is one of the pleasantest men possible. One likes, therefore, to hear that the health and spirits of so agreeable a gentleman are tiptop.

And what of all the other solvent and illustrious testifiers who have been enlightening the community in this city or that, before one or another examiner, for so many weeks past? Are their healths and spirits all good, too? It seems, when one recalls the columns on columns of the printed testimony of financiers and illustrious money-makers that have been offered us during the last half year, that one chief employment of the leaders of finance has come to be the giving of sworn testimony as to what they have been a-doing. Here in New York our local output of testimony has been enormous. One day Mr. McCall, another Mr. Schiff, another Mr. George W. Perkins, another Mr. Winthrop Rogers, and then Mr. Perkins again, and then some one else, and so on, and on, and on, till the reading of the day's testimony has come to be a burden to the faculties, and an interruption to work and autumnal golf. And in Chicago they have been

turning the beef-men inside out, and the city where somebody isn't giving testimony about financial transactions must feel itself to be a hayseed town and a back number.

We trust the spirits of all this cloud of witnesses are as good as Mr. Henry Rogers's spirits lately seemed to be in Boston. It must be a bother to them to have to testify so much and ransack their recollections for the details of recondite occurrences and drag back out of the oblivion of account books and check books so many things that oblivion must have seemed to them the most suitable place for. But they must not mind that. They are doing us all good, and reminding us daily that we must not do anything or know anything that we will wish we had not known or had not done when the examiners get on our trail and summon us to kiss the Book and answer questions.



THERE has been so much doing, and undoing, in finance that it has been hard to give football the reasonable attention that it is felt to deserve. It seems likely to be a desperate contest this year between football and the life insurance business as to which shall close the season of 1905 with the most calamitous reputation. The two institutions ought to combine for mutual protection. The insurance companies plainly have use for rushlines, fullbacks, coaches and all the apparatus of defense, and the rushlines in like manner admittedly have urgent need of life insurance. If they only could get together—but of course it is not a practical idea. Football closed the season of 1904 to the noise of general clamor for such recasting of the rules as would make the game more agreeable to watch and less damaging to play. The complaint was that it was beefy, dangerous and dull. The rules have been very little changed and the game may be expected to go on being what it was scolded for being last year. The tendency being to make football teams too heavy, why not put a limit to the weight of a team? No heavy-weight football team ought to weigh more than a ton, and middle-weight and light-weight teams might

be kept down respectively to eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred pounds. Teams should play teams in their own class, just as bruisers pound bruisers of their own class. Classification and limitation thus suggested would not hinder any team from including one or two individual mountains of flesh if thought desirable, provided the team as a whole was not overweight. That would mean that each giant would be offset by a light-weight.

The more weight is put into football teams beyond a moderate limit, the worse for the game. It is a better, safer and more useful game in the schools than in the colleges, because the schoolboys are not so big as the college men.



WHEN the present effort to make all our financiers and men of business scrupulously honest and law-respecting has been carried to a successful conclusion, we hope some attention will be paid to the growing and reprehensible American habit of killing people. Our annual murder record is scandalous. About ten thousand of us are murdered every year, another ten thousand are killed on railroads (and seventy-five thousand injured), and how many more the automobiles mow down has not yet been computed. Not much more than one in a hundred of our murderers is ever executed. It is getting tiresome. It hurts our self-esteem to be killed so freely and have no one adequately punished. Here in New York, the hotbed of American and foreign civilization, killing is almost as common and punishment almost as rare as in Chicago itself. It is a consoling thought, as far as it goes, that a considerable proportion of our tale of murders consists of the killing of turbulent or worthless persons by others of their kind. We have a lot of bad Italians who, when they kill, usually kill Italians, and sometimes bad ones. So our Chinese murderers usually kill Chinese. But there is a great deal too much killing hereabouts and not nearly enough legal retribution for it. It even makes one wonder whether we made as much progress as we supposed when we substituted the electric chair for the noose.

**Love's Apprenticeship.**



render men able to cope with it would seem to be worth attention.

It is important to know how many girls a man ought to love before he is in a fit condition to get married. If he loves too many, he may become overtrained. His perspective may be warped, and he is likely at this fatal moment to have the wool pulled over his eyes by some creature with false hair and brain, who is looking for a situation as a money spender in the domicile of an easy mark. On the other hand, if he loves too few, he may lack just enough real experience to realize a good thing at the right moment, when he is next to it. Then again, much depends upon

**MATRIMONY**  
is an occupation indulged in by numbers of men with considerable success, and by others with more or less inquietude and dissatisfaction. Its practice is so universal and the result obtained so important that the amount of training necessary to



*Scrappy: DO YOU CALL THAT THING ON YOUR HEAD A HAT?*

*Mrs. Scrappy: DO YOU CALL THAT THING IN YOUR HAT A HEAD?*

the man. Some men grow more foolish all the time, and every girl they fall in love with makes them worse. While other men, with no practice, will step into a bunch of femininity and pick out a winner every time.

Speaking generally, however, the average man needs to be thrown down once or twice before he is ready for the halter.

To get the right kind of a start, it is well to begin when you are about ten years old, on a girl who admits she is ten years older than you are. About twenty years afterwards she will be a good deal younger than you are; but that is another story. Love this girl as much as your nature will permit. If you feel like going into a large-sized battle on her behalf, where the enemy outnumbers you ten to one, or rescuing her from a twenty-five-story burning building, or dying some agonizing death with a kind smile on your face as she leans over you and sprinkles you with new mown hay, then you have the right symptoms.

The next girl you fall in love with is, in half the cases, the girl you really ought to marry—but alas! you will not. Later you will look back upon this second love as being the genuine, Simon pure article.

After this the benefit received from the girl you will fall in love with will depend entirely upon yourself.

But by and by, when you finally find one who says "Yes," do not forget that your ultimate success with her will depend very largely upon the amount of ignorance you have accumulated about all the others.



## • LIFE •

## Our Fresh Air Fund.

AT LIFE'S Farm, during the season just passed, twelve hundred and two children of the poor have enjoyed themselves, and grown fat. There have been no cases of sickness, except those who came ailing and went home well.

It is a pleasure to express our warm appreciation of the able management of Mr. and Mrs. Mohr at the Farm, and of their untiring sympathy and devotion to the children.

## STATEMENT.

Balance on hand at beginning of the season	\$1,437.91
of 1905.....	
Received during the season.....	4,255.91

\$5,693.82

## TOTAL EXPENDITURES.

Salaries of superintendent, matron, caretakers and help .....	\$1,628.53
Meat, groceries, milk, etc.....	2,664.96
Transportation of children to and from Farm.....	980.51
Repairs on buildings, painting and sundry expenses.....	429.93

\$5,703.93

MOTHER: What did you do with that penny I gave you?

BOBBY: I put it in a blind beggar's hat.

"The Lord will reward you for that."

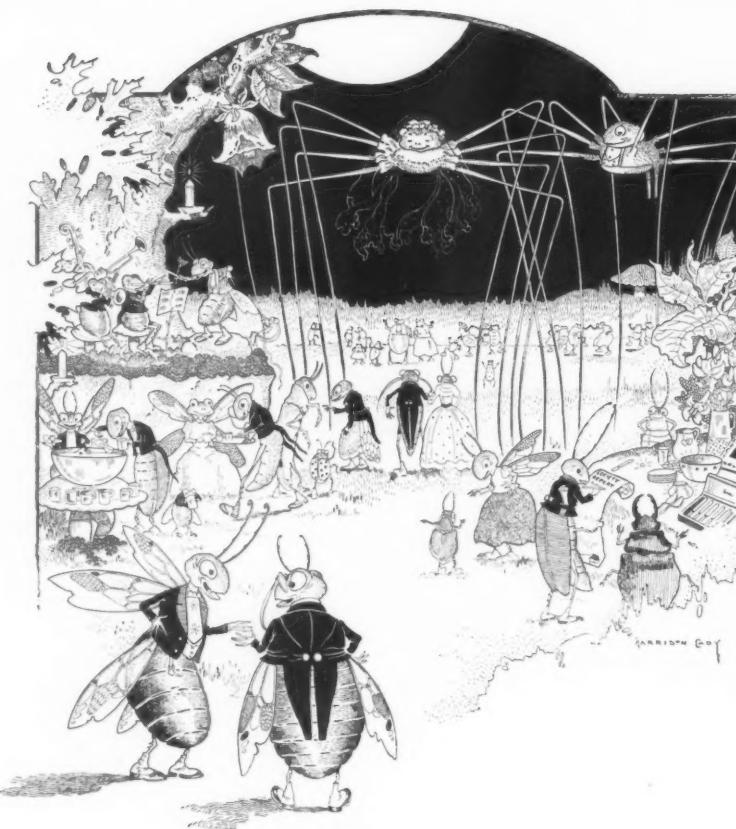
"He has—I took out a dime."

## Revised by Theodore.

THE time is out of joint, O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to stop a fight!



OYSTER BEY.



AT THE LONGLEGS' NUPTIALS.

First Beetle: HAVE YOU KISSED THE BRIDE YET?

Second Beetle: NO! I STARTED TO, BUT I COULDN'T FIND A STEPLADDER.

## An Early Start.

THE youth who will save ere life's morning is gone,  
All his years can at poverty scoff,  
For he's sure, by the time he is pretty well on  
In life, to be pretty well off.

## Wall Street Axiom.

GO to bed with the lamb and rise up  
with the wool.

"YOU ought to carry life insurance."  
"Don't need it."  
"But your family—"  
"Haven't any."  
"Provide against old age."  
"My fortune is ample."  
"It's a good investment."  
"I have better ones now."  
"But we are going to raise our President's salary."  
"Oh, well, why didn't you say so?"

## Past.

SINCE Willie, the War Lord, has spoken,  
Morocco appears a lost cause.  
To a Frenchman as is  
Old Abd-el-Aziz  
Might be mentioned as Abd-el-As-was.

## Brevity.

DEAR LIFE:  
In the last copy of LIFE I find "The Shortest Poem in English,"

"Et tu,  
Depew"

copied from a Chicago paper.  
I can shorten that by thirty-three and a third per cent.

Adieu,

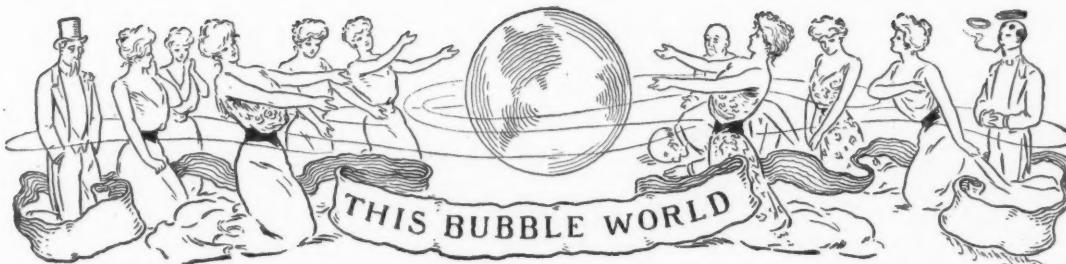
Depew.

Very truly,

Clover Cox.

SCARBOROUGH, September 21, 1905.

"AFTER you," said the gun to the Bible.



 It is said that a man never gets back to work properly until after his honeymoon, and he has had his second quarrel with his wife.—*Atchison Globe*.

Some of them don't until they have to pay alimony.

At the present moment no properly advised inhabitant of the United Kingdom would be so foolish as to take out a policy of life assurance in an American company in preference to a good British company.—*New York Sun*.

Even without knowing anything about British life insurance companies, this sounds like a reasonable statement.

Senator Platt says he intends to die with his business suit on. Too many follow that false philosophy. The prudent put on golf clothes occasionally and a dressing-gown.—*New York World*.

And there are even those who put on pajamas—at proper times, of course.

The young Hindoo woman Sooboonagan Ammal has relapsed from Christianity and resumed the faith of her fathers.—*New York Herald*.

This opens a painful question for the orthodox. Will she go to everlasting torment along with other heathen and all the unbaptized infants?



Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States. Europe likes to hear of such things. It confirms the deep-seated conviction that America is a provincial place, a second-rate country town civilization after all.—*Bernard Shaw*.

Unkind! Not that we care for America, but we do love and revere Mr. Anthony Comstock.

It is said that the Czar has already issued invitations to a second peace conference at The Hague.—*Omaha World Herald*.

Pretty soon the Czar will get in the habit of having farewell peace conferences every year.

Hope is faith holding out its hands in the dark.—*Century*.

Lovely thought that—suitable for an inscription on a full-length silhouette of Senator Depew.



Slightly paraphrasing the Wall Street term, perhaps the President of the New York Life merely looked on that little transaction as a McCall loan.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

Which leads naturally to the remark that Pride cometh before a McCall.

Autumnal haze over the woods; autumnal hazing in the colleges.—*Boston Transcript*.

Also in financial circles.

It looks as if Dr. Parkhurst had about decided to abandon politics and devote himself to the ministry.—*Washington Star*.

Only a rumor.

 And Duchess Consuelo cannot even call on the President without raising the curiosity of the neighborhood! It is hard lines to be a duchess.—*Boston Herald*.

It is just as hard to be a President.

 If Mrs. Carrie Nation is, as reported, the heiress to a fortune, there is absolutely no fear that she will squander it in conviviality.—*Washington Star*.

If she will only bury the hatchet, we will all be satisfied.

It is a very certain fact that no man is persistently—even though irrelevantly—mentioned for a high honor unless he has done something to deserve it.—*Kansas City Times*.

And this from a journal published within easy hearing distance of W. J. Bryan's hewgag.



There is no doubt of the great increase of the wealth per capita of the country. The thing is, is the per capita getting it?—*Houston Post*.

Yes. In the neck.

The "Chicago Venus" has a waist six inches too small for the rest of her.—*New York World*.

This peculiarity of the Venus de Chicago is perhaps only another evidence of the prowess of the "strong arm" men who infest that city.

Mr. Cleveland's article reflects the point of view of the man—an autocrat, we are told, in his family life. If the wife of such a man has an opinion she would far better keep it to herself; it would meet with no consideration.—*Press interview with Susan B. Anthony*.

Which shows an intimate knowledge of Mr. Cleveland's domestic affairs different from that vouchsafed to the rest of us.

Horrors! Alfred Austin is writing a peace poem with the intention of dedicating it to defenseless Theodore Roosevelt!—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

Cheer up. The Alfred Austin menace is long past. Only when his poems were read were they dangerous.

Everything has its drawbacks. The revelations concerning the New York Life are taking public attention away from Chauncey Depew.—*Chicago Journal*.

If you lived nearer New York you might feel that it isn't so much of a drawback after all.

**Another Sample of Life.**

**L**ET us then be up and doing  
Every one we can, and thus  
We shall keep them from pursuing  
Clever schemes for doing us.

**Financial Fiction.**

**T**HOSE sportive idealists who write engaging columns to prove that with affection and good management we can live very comfortably upon nothing, should feel the prick of conscience when they remember the simple credulity of the public. If it were clearly understood, as it should be, that the domestic details in which they riot are as purely fictitious as campaign statistics or the reports of war correspondents, no mischief would be done. We could read with pleasure about dainty dishes made of split peas and turnip tops, pretty costumes devised from worn-out bedspreads, and happy homes furnished with old packing cases and ten yards of cretonne, were it not that people—who perhaps think Sinbad the Sailor unveracious—lend a ready ear to these less trustworthy narrations. There is an air of engaging candor about the writer who confesses that although she has a frugal mind, and makes all her own housegowns—apparently out of nothing in particular—she is yet guilty of the extravagance of ordering every year one handsome winter suit and one pretty summer suit “from a good woman’s tailor in New York,” adding sweetly that the winter suit costs fifteen and the summer suit six dollars. She does not give the name of the tailor, nor state where in New York he may be found; neither does she explain how a quart of milk can be made into daily puddings, and yet furnish forth entertainment morning and evening for a family of children; but she adds up neat little rows of figures to prove that ten and ten make two, that with economy they can be reduced to one and a half, and that there is always money left over for book-clubs, magazines and pew rent.

It is a cruel pleasantry to deceive those who are so very easily deceived. The grim truth is that the cost of living is mercilessly high in this land of plenty, and that it grows higher and higher with every year of prosperity. The little sunshiny articles in women’s



IMPRUDENT AS BOB’S MARRIAGE MAY HAVE SEEMED, IT IS UNDENIABLE THAT HIS WORK NOW RECEIVES A MORE PROMPT AND HEARTY APPRECIATION.

magazines setting forth the delights of a cheerful and refined economy are written on the principle so familiar to historians and controversialists: “Leave out what you don’t like, and you can prove anything.” A few timely papers on “My Baby’s Measles, and What It Cost”; “How My Husband Lost His Situation”; “The Failures of Forty Cooks”; “Why Our Little Home Was Never Paid For,” could hardly be depended upon to raise the circulation of a periodical; but they would present to their startled readers the unfamiliar countenance of truth.

*Agnes Repplier.*

**A Recommendation.**

**P**ROSPECTIVE GUEST: Do you set a good table here?

**HOTEL CLERK:** Well, rather. Why, folks come here perfectly healthy and go away with the gout and dyspepsia!

**WANTED:** A fire-proof tomb.

**Just Like Ma’s.**

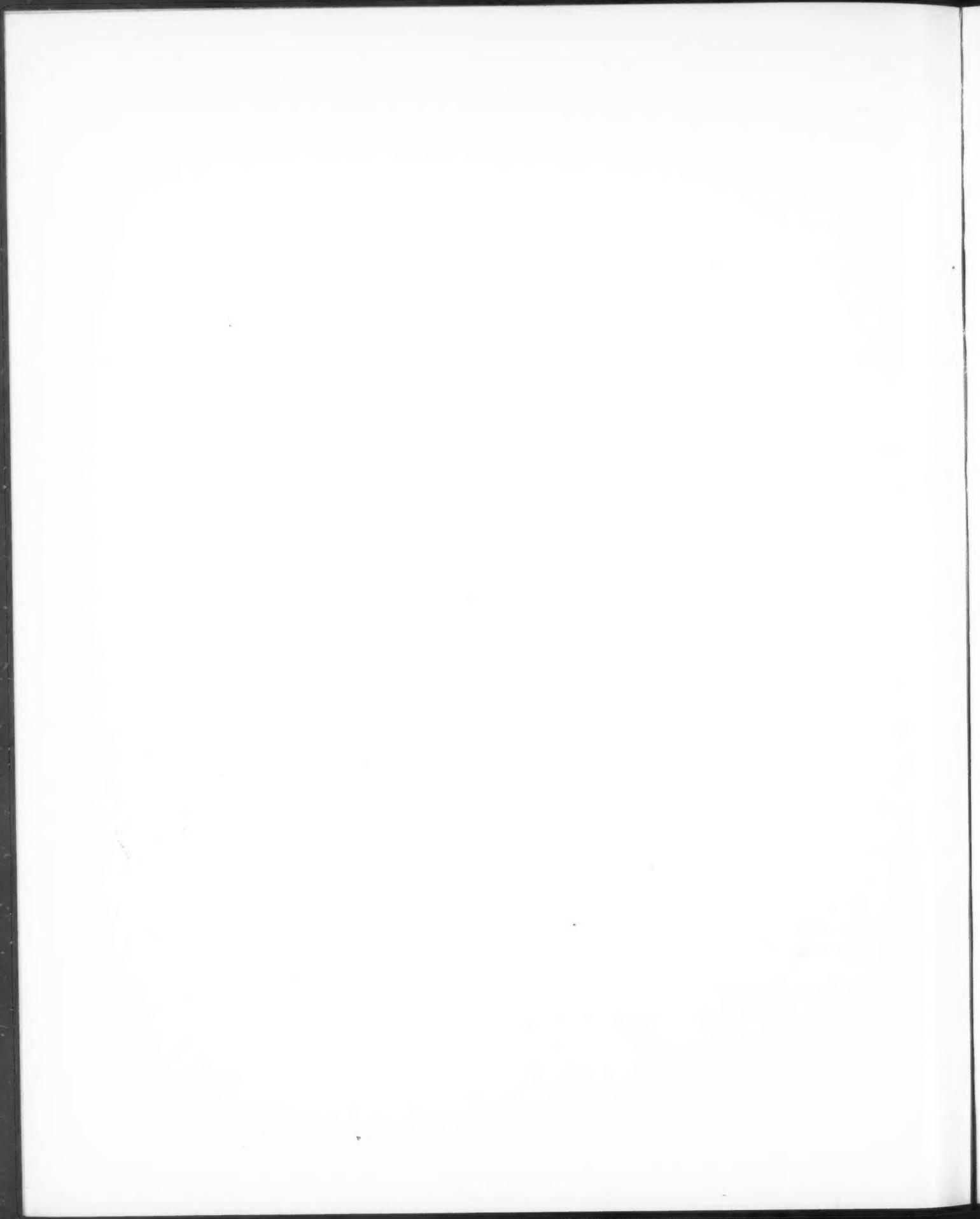
**M**R. NEWLYWED: Well, Henry, how do you like my pies?

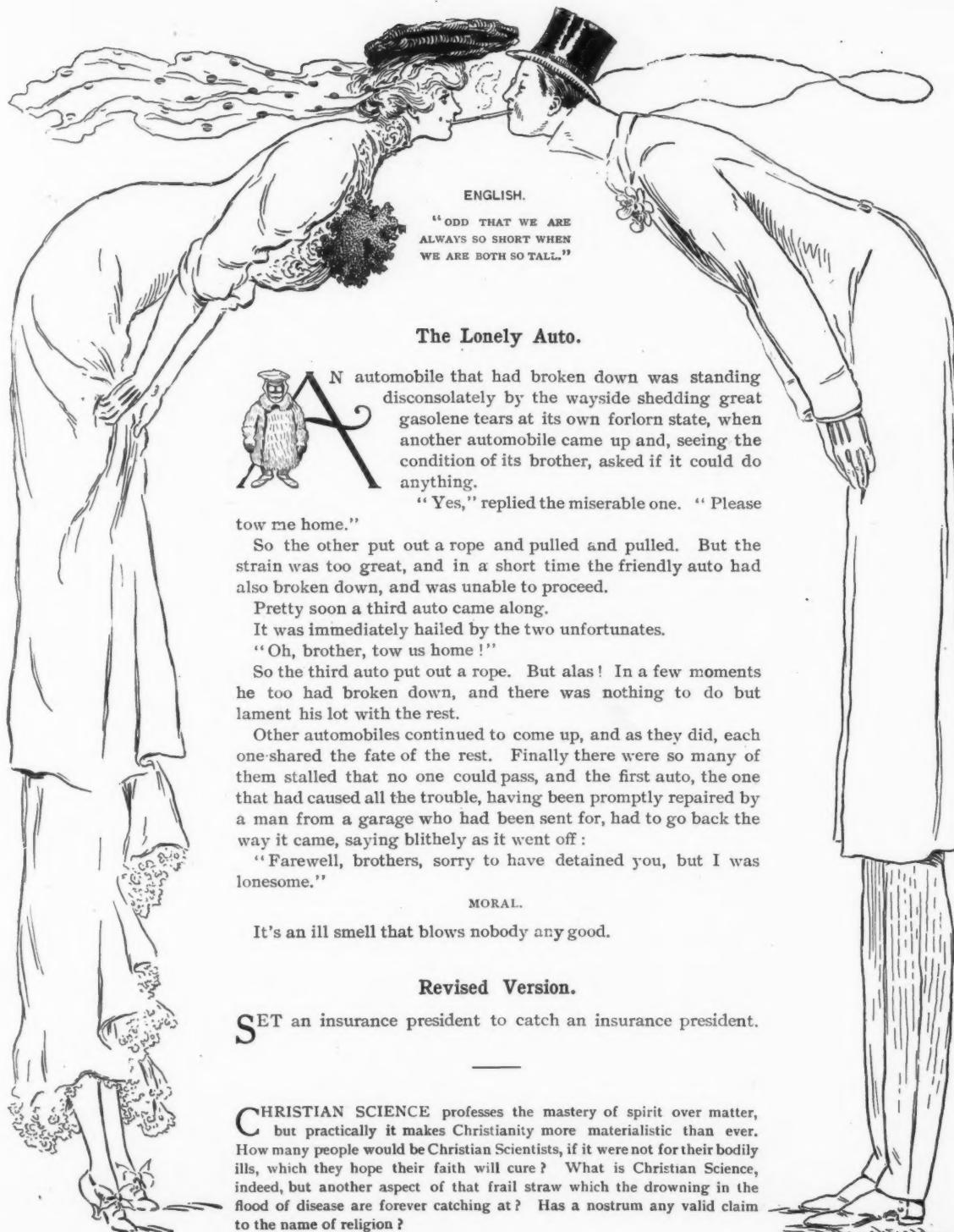
**MR. NEWLYWED:** Dearest, they are just like the pies that my father used to say were not like his mother used to make!

# LIFE

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THE CINNET.

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## THEATRICAL NOTES



"HAPPYLAND" seems rather a trivial title for an effort which in many ways is so pretentious as the vehicle which Messrs. DeKoven and Ranken have provided for a new essay of Mr. DeWolf Hopper's abilities as a star in comic opera. The first curtain, for instance, goes up on a combination of scenic, lighting and musical effect so thoroughly original and effective that it gave hope that we were going to have something which should be an entire departure from the comic opera of conventional type. Later on that hope was modified by moments of the same old thing done in the same old way.

The score which Mr. DeKoven has provided is a very agreeable one but without any especially notable or striking numbers. Some of these are evidently intended for popular use and are written down to the most elementary appreciation. But throughout Mr. DeKoven has done his work deftly, there is none of it which will displease even the educated musical sense, and it is far, far above the quality which has of late come to be the standard in so-called comic opera. In the ensemble at the end of the first act he revives in a limited way the almost forgotten bells of the Swiss bell-ringer days, and the result is so effective that we are afraid Mr. DeKoven may have started an epidemic of bell-ringing among those who make a living originating nothing and imitating anything which succeeds.

The book has a really amusing story, based on the fact that *King Ecstaticus* of Elysia (Mr. Hopper) has for eighteen years promised his son in marriage to a neighboring potentate, thereby maintaining peace between the two kingdoms; the truth being that he has no son, but a charming daughter, *Sylvia* (Marguerite Clark). To conceal the truth he has kept this daughter secreted from the world, in charge of a nurse, and in an ignorance of the existence of such things as love and young men, possible only in comic opera. The author has not made all that might have been made of such a promising foundation, but he has given the piece some clever and laughable situations and manages to hold the interest in the story. His lyrics are better than the humor of his lines, which lies rather too much in the punning school of the British burlesque-writer.

Mr. Hopper's methods are too familiar to require comment. They seem to be getting a trifle less strenuous than of yore, but there is no diminution of his effort to establish and maintain confidential relations with his audience. His assistant comedians, Mr. Wolff and Mr. Danforth, are entirely competent, the latter, as *King Altimus* of Altruria, being an especially able foil to the star. The character of *Kayenna*, played by Ada Deaves, should be rapidly eliminated from the piece. Female low comedians are rarely funny, and the ugly but energetic spinster has been done to death in comic opera. There are some other weak spots in the cast and some of the subordinates are excellent. Marguerite Clark, the *Sylvia*, is a dainty bit of feminine Dresden china with a voice out of proportion to her diminutive size. She smothers some of her notes, but her voice has a very sweet and carrying quality, and she is so pretty and *piquante* that she is a very large part of the performance. Both choruses, male and female, are

remarkably good in looks, voices and training. The women are young and comely and not the jaded antiquities or precocious youngsters commonly passing as chorus girls. The stage settings are in good taste, the simple, classical picture of the first act being especially refreshing. The costumes are delicate and artistically pleasing color arrangements of evidently expensive material and workmanship.

"Happyland" is in almost every respect better than the things of its kind to which we have grown accustomed. It is correctly called comic opera, and in that respect differs from many of the concoctions to which that title has been mistakenly applied. It is entirely worth while as an evening's entertainment.

\* \* \*

**W**E all poke good-natured fun at Boston, but there's no denying that she has cradled many progressive notions that have grown up to demonstrate their right to existence. She is strong in Americanism and in the spirit of protest. Her dissatisfaction with the present low estate of the drama in this country has organized itself in the presentation, under the auspices of The Twentieth Century Club, of plays which are unable to find room on the stage of the purely commercial theatres. Last season three such performances were given successfully, and this year the club's programme includes Count L. Tolstoy's "The Fruits of Enlightenment," Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine," and a modern play in the Greek style entitled "Andromache." These presentations are to be made with unusual regard to the correctness of scene and costume and to the fitness of the accompanying and incidental music.

In a different way the generous backers of the Castle Square Theatre are helping in the movement of elevation. This is a popular-priced



"HAPPYLAND."—MR. DANFORTH, MARGUERITE CLARK AND MR. HOPPER.

stock company house, which last year went to the trouble and expense of having designed and constructed for its production of "Romeo and Juliet" a setting which completely forsook the conventional arrangements handed down by the English stage. Such a departure in the direction of historical and architectural fidelity is a laudable novelty, and the result was so satisfactory that the Castle Square managers are this season going to do four Shakespearian plays and one of the old comedies in the same way. Not the least commendable feature of the Castle Square enterprise is that the price of admission and of seats is kept down to a reasonable level which



MARGUERITE CLARK IN  
"HAPPYLAND."

makes the entertainment open to all classes of the public. Even the fashionable persons in Boston are taking an interest and lending the support of their presence.

Boston has a fashion of going ahead and doing what it wants to do whether any one else likes it or not. In these present matters it deserves a word of outside commendation, even if it is superfluous from the Boston point of view.

\* \* \*

THE dissatisfaction with things connected with the theatre in Chicago is admirably voiced in an excellent article on the present state of the drama appearing in *The Dial* dated October first. Among other things it says:

That the case is a bad one, speaking, of course, for our own country, and for England incidentally, it takes no expert diagnosis to discover. The ailment is chronic, and the conditions thus far are substantially those of last year, and of many years preceding. The theatrical menus vary in appearance, but their offerings are of the same pastry and syllabub which spell indigestion and worse. We have in prospect the same succession of trick dramas, and tailor-made dramas, of dramas made to fit the mannerisms of particular actors, of dramas—Heaven save the mark!—whose most noteworthy feature is that they are without any possible pretension to be reckoned as products of dramatic art. *Plus ca change, plus c'est meme chose*, but we supinely accept what our lords of the Syndicate deign to give us, and offer no word of effective protest.

The word of protest has been uttered in these columns for a long time and to the point of wearying the readers of LIFE, but our friend in Chicago should take notice that at last it shows signs of becoming effective.

\* \* \*

THE pink *Telegram* prints an article on "The Problem That Confronts the Manager," by Daniel Frohman, in which that cultured gentleman says:

The difficulty which managers have to cope with is the lack of suitable dramatic material.

Anyone who knows anything about the gang

of managers of which Daniel Frohman is a leading member, would say:

The worst difficulty with which suitable dramatic material has to cope is the stupid, uneducated and conceited manager.

\* \* \*

A N out-of-town reader of LIFE writes: It may comfort you to know that somewhere there is one who is doing what he may not to support the Trust. And, it may be, that I am not the only one. I have learned that in a Klaw and Erlanger production all is not gold that glitters. Last year I saw "Mother Goose," and I thought I was the goose. This year I saw "The Ham Tree," and surely I was the ham. That chorus hadn't even the agility or plumpness of a flock of sausages.

*Soc et tuum!*

\* \* \*

IT is rumored on the Rialto that Mr. Charles Dillingham, who manages several attractions in which the Trust is interested, is to be compelled to change his name to Dillingheim. Some of his business associates object to the name.

*Metcalf.*

M R. AND MRS. SMITH were sitting in the front row in the gallery of a church when a man downstairs was carried out in a fit. The next Sunday they were in their accustomed seats when the same man walked up the middle aisle.

Mr. Smith whispered to his wife: "The survival of the fittest!"



A GREEK FREEZE.  
(STAGE-DORIC ARCHITECTURE.)

### Sage Russell's Age.

S AGE RUSSELL'S AGE is eighty-nine,

A victim of much levity!

He still can speculate and dine  
And boast of his longevity.

He doesn't waste his hard-earned wealth  
On libraries and colleges;  
He takes good care to keep his health,  
And offers no apologies.

He's in his office every day,

Avoids undue publicity,  
In business makes no display,

And dresses with simplicity;

At noon he seeks more frugal fare

Than any Wall Street dweller has;

He has less money but more hair

Than John D. Rockefeller has.

He shaves himself, and notes he shaves

With singular celerity;

The fractions of the cents he saves

And adds them with dexterity;

He seems to have a lucky star,

And if he don't let go of it,

Sage Russell's age will be at Par

Before Time's brokers know of it.

*Felix Carmen.*

### Chronological.

P APA, please, *please* buy me a pony."

"Johnnie, you're too old to be teasing for ponies."

"Then, papa, please buy me a horse."

## THE LATEST BOOKS



THE work of Elizabeth Robins in *A Dark Lantern* is so exceptionally good that one regrets the advisability of recommending the novel with qualifications. Considered as a story, that is, as the definite following of certain human complications to a definitive conclusion, whether that conclusion be romantic or tragic, the book is not wholly satisfying. It leads one with ever-growing concern and friendliness to an inadequate and, one suspects, a temporary point of rest, and the many readers to whom the story is the thing, and to whom fiction appeals by the pleasing but unnatural completeness of its denouements, will finish the book with a sense of disappointment and anticlimax. But to those for whom fiction is chiefly an opportunity of making friends of the imagination, in following whose joys and perplexities they add to the points of contact between themselves and their fellows, *A Dark Lantern* will be found very human in the reading and apt to grow upon the memory.

It is probable that in the beginning of his career Justin Huntly McCarthy kissed the Blarney Stone. He has certainly drawn from somewhere in Ireland the knack of embroidering the surface of life with fair words and of weaving pretty inconsequences and *non-sequiturs* into the semblance of romance. *The Dryad*, a tale of a wood nymph and a knight in fourteenth century Greece, is his latest work and is as skilfully made and as scentless as a tissue-paper rose.

Armistead C. Gordon's novel, *The Gift of the Morning Star*, while after all but an entertaining story, is a book which is calculated to please an unusually wide range of readers. Its scene, a Dunker settlement in the hills of Virginia, is new, its plot is dramatic, and the characters have a pleasing measure of individuality; but its chief claim to notice is the originality, purity and grace of the author's style, a style which of itself makes the book worth reading, and raises it above the class to which it naturally belongs.

A strong contrast to Mr. Gordon's work is furnished by Harris Dickson's novel, *The Ravanelles*, wherein the author apostrophizes the scenery and the seasons in poetico-oratorical rhapsodies and develops a story of Revenge and Remorse, and other Passions and Emotions, intended to be strikingly unconventional and remarkable for its flamboyant conventionality.

Henry Thew Stephenson's study of Elizabethan London, its topography, buildings, people and customs, which he calls *Shakespeare's London*, is quite a remarkable piece of work. As a rule antiquarian treatises have a way of being either hopelessly dry-as-dust, or else overlaid with a layer of what is

colloquially referred to as "gush." Mr. Stephenson is an enthusiast, but is neither a crank nor a gusher. He has studied and written *con amore*, and, having visualized the London of 1600, he makes us see it in our turn.

*Minerva's Manœuvres*, by Charles Battell Loomis, contains (we quote the author) "the cheerful tale of a return to Nature." Minerva is a colored lady of the burnt-cork variety, who spends the summer as cook at Clover Lodge. Her acquaintance with Nature is limited, as is also apparently that of Mr. Loomis, and while some of her manœuvres are amusing, they are rather obviously stage-managed and led up to. In short, Minerva is not so much a creation as the vehicle of a humor that is not always to be distinguished from horse-play.

John Roger Williams's *Handbook of Princeton* will be welcome to many friends and alumni of the University. In reality it is a tasteful guide-book, but it is handsomely printed and contains, besides an introduction by President Wilson, a history of the college and descriptions of the various buildings on the campus and in the town.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*A Dark Lantern*. By Elizabeth Robins. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*The Dryad*. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*The Gift of the Morning Star*. By Armistead C. Gordon. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.)

*The Ravanelles*. By Harris Dickson. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

*Shakespeare's London*. By Henry Thew Stephenson. (Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.)

*Minerva's Manœuvres*. By Charles Battell Loomis. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Handbook of Princeton*. By John Roger Williams. (The Grafton Press. \$1.50.)

### The Man and the Magnate.

THERE was once an ordinary man and a magnate.

The first time the ordinary man met the magnate he looked upon him with considerable awe.

"Ah," he said to himself, "if I only had all his money, how great a man I should think myself."

The second time the ordinary man met the magnate, his opinion of him was not so great.

"I cannot," he said, "help but think that his talents have been much exaggerated. He's not nearly so bright as I thought."

The third time he perceived that the magnate had as many faults as he had.

And when they had been associated together for some time, the ordinary man at last exclaimed:

"Alas! The possession of so much wealth certainly means a loss of virtue. I am so superior to him that I am filled with remorse to think I ever could have been so deceived in believing he was so great. Nevertheless, I shall continue to be friendly and subservient to him, for there's no telling at just what moment I may be able to get some of his money away from him."

### MORAL.

Moralize all you want—to yourself, but don't let it interfere with business.



PRECAUTION GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

"LAND SAKES! WHAT ASTOUNDING DEPRAVITY!"

"QUITE TRUE," HE REPLIED WITH SOME SUAVITY.

"BUT 'TWAS CLEVER OF ME

TO climb WHERE I BE,

ERE IMPELLED BY THE FORCES OF GRAVITY!"



LITTLE GLIMPSES OF MARRIED LIFE.

*Young Wife : OH, I JUST LOVE TO BLUFF !*

# LIFE.



## SUFFICIENT.

Once upon an evening dismal,  
I handed her a paroxysmal  
Kiss, and spoke her name baptismal,  
Spoke her name—it was Lenore;  
Ah, she was a scrumptious creature,  
Glib of tongue and fair of feature,  
But, alas! I couldn't teach her,  
For she had been there before—  
And she winked at me and murmured,  
Murmured the one word: "Encore!"  
Only that—and nothing more.

—Chicago News.

## A LESSON ON FRACTIONS.

TEACHER (giving a lesson on fractions): Children, here is a piece of meat; if I cut it in two, what shall I have?

CLASS (tutti): Halves.

TEACHER: And if I cut my pieces again in two, what do I get?

CLASS (tutti): Quarters.

TEACHER: I again do the same; now what have I?

CLASS (half-chorus): Eighths.

TEACHER: Good. If I continue in the same way, what then shall I get?

CLASS (a duet): Sixteenths.

TEACHER: Very good. I cut my pieces once more in two, what shall we have then?

Dead silence in class. However, one hand went up in the corner of the class.

TEACHER: Well, Johnny, what is it?

JOHNNY (solo): Mincemeat, please'm.—The Tatler.

## NO TIME WASTED.

Farmer Cy Whipple was said to have had more religion than any other man in Mendocino County. He boasted that, for more than forty years, he had never missed a meal or neglected to say grace. It was said that Cy's religion and his appetite merged so closely that it was hard to tell where the one left off and the other began. When the dinner bell summoned the family and the help to the dining-room, Cy always led the charge. While the others were seating themselves at the table, the old man would start in:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for havin' given us such a beautiful day. Sanctify this food to our souls' good. Amen. Pass the meat."—San Francisco Call.

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## CONDENSED ROMANCE.

The final chapter of the serial novel was two columns long, but the editor had only one inch of space for it.

Accordingly he compressed the hero's tragic end into the following paragraph:

"Arthur took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver from his pocket, and, lastly, his own life."—Chicago Chronicle.

ROBERT CHRISTY, a venerable Britisher now visiting this country, reminiscently tells of his long acquaintance with the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, and narrates the story of his christening when a baby. All of the stores of the empire were illuminated that night, and Albert Edward's initials,



THE FIRST ARRIVAL

A MARTIAN DISCOVERER LIT  
UPON EARTH, AND THE SPOT WHERE HE HIT  
WAS SEARCHED, BUT THEY FOUND  
JUST A DENT IN THE GROUND—  
IN FACT, 'TWA A BOTTOMLESS PIT.

"A. E." were displayed in all of the windows, when one of the courtiers remarked, "Before he wears the crown the lad'll need the three other vowels."—New York Tribune.

Two young married couples with one baby between them find bridge the very best game to play evenings.

"You see," say the mothers, "we are perfectly devoted to bridge, and then, since the baby came, we find it so convenient. Dummy can always go rock him to sleep, if he is restless."—New York Sun.

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## UNFORTUNATE.

A certain merchant of Baltimore, who is well known for his philanthropic spirit, was approached one day by an Irishman, formerly in his employ, who made a touching appeal for financial assistance. Said he:

"I trust, sor, that ye'll find it convenient to help a poor man whose house an' everything in it was burned down last week, sor."

The merchant, although he gives with a free hand, exercises considerable caution in his philanthropy, so he asked:

"Have you any papers or certificates to show that you have lost everything by fire, as you say?"

The Irishman scratched his head as if bewildered. Finally he replied:

"I did have a certificate to that effect, sor, signed before a notary; but unfortunately, sor, it was burned up with the rest of me effects!"—Harper's Weekly.

## BRUTAL!

A Memphis, Mo., man has discovered a new way to get rid of mosquitoes. He says to rub alum on your face and hands. When the mosquito takes a bite, it puckers his buzz so it can't sting. It sits down in a damp place, tries to dig the pucker loose, catches its death of cold and dies of pneumonia.—Kansas City Star.

"It's no end of fun," said a jolly-looking young fellow to his companions in the subway, "to go to church in the summer when this philanthropic pulpit exchange business is on."

"Our pastor is 'way off on Long Island some where, and the preacher in whose church he is conducting services for the summer has been sent on here."

"This country parson has been a circus ring along with his original remarks, but he reached the limit on Sunday when he began his prayer by saying: 'O Lord, Thou didst see by the morning pa pers.'"—New York Sun.

## GENEROSITY.

BEGGAR: Pardon, sir, but this nickel you gave me is lead.

BENEVOLENT OLD MAN: Why, so it is! Well keep it, my man, as a reward for your honesty.—Translated for "Tales" from "Le Journal."

## QUIET INTELLIGENT.

ADORING GRANDMOTHER: Isn't he a lovely child?

CALM VISITOR: Yes, he's a nice little baby—

ADORING GRANDMOTHER (interrupting): And intelligent! He just lies there all day and breathes and breathes and breathes.—Baltimore Telegram.

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# LIFE.



## IN NUMBERS.

Though they had never met b-4,  
What cause had she 2 care?  
She loved him roderly because  
He was a 1,000,000 aire.  
—*Baltimore American.*

"DE GILT made his fortune very suddenly."  
"You don't say! Is he rich enough to go in the  
blue book?"  
"Blue book! Why, he is rich enough to be in-  
vestigated."—*Detroit News.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.  
The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient  
guests.

## REAL PROGRESS.

"How is father getting on with his riding les-  
sons?"  
"Very well; we children are allowed to watch  
him now."—Translated for "Tales" from "Fliegende  
Blätter."

Nobody ever questioned there being a man in the  
honeymoon.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR.

LIEUTENANT: I shall not pay you for the two  
kisses, but I give you permission to use my name as  
reference.—Translated for "Tales" from "Meggen-  
dorfer Blätter."

FATHER: Why don't you work, my son? If you  
only knew how much happiness work gives, you  
would begin at once.

SON: Father, I am striving to lead a life of  
self-denial, in which happiness plays no part. Do  
not tempt me.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

LIFE is happier by reason of Williams' Shaving Soap.

## REVISED.

"You don't give much heed to the admonition  
'Blessed is the peacemaker.'"  
"No," answered the nervous citizen. "The ver-  
sion for these rapid times should be, 'Blessed is the  
pacemaker.'"—*Washington Star.*

"HERE'S a letter from a woman," said the answer-  
to-correspondent editor, "who wants to know what to  
use in cleaning carpets."

"If she is a married woman," suggested the snake  
editor, "tell her to use her husband."—*Chicago News.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville,  
North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

## POINT OF VIEW.

FIRST SUBURBANITE: Was your garden a success  
this year?

SECOND SUBURBANITE: You bet it was. My next  
door neighbor's chickens took the first prize at the  
poultry show.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A MAN has made great progress when he has  
learned that some of the people who don't agree with  
all his opinions may, after all, be partly right.—*Somerville Journal.*

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

## HIS SELFISHNESS.

"If you don't stop nagging me, Emily, I shall  
shoot myself this very minute."

"Yes, that's just like you, when you know how  
nervous I am when I hear a shot."—Translated for  
"Tales" from "Meggendorfer Blätter."

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THE train as usual crawled along—you know the line—and then stopped dead. "Guard," shouted a humorous passenger, "may I get out and pick some flowers?"

"Afraid you won't find many about here," said the guard, good-humoredly.

"Oh, there'll be heaps of time," replied the jovial one, "I've brought a packet of seeds."—*The Tatler.*

IT is said that a true sportsman will lend neither his wife, his dog nor his gun. Mighty good reasoning, especially if the gun is an L. C. Smith Hammerless, with a Hunter One-trigger. Famous the world over. Send for illustrated catalogue. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

The Bill That Grew.

DANIEL WEBSTER was never noted for attention to detail in business matters. His well-known failings were often taken advantage of by unscrupulous creditors, who gave no receipts for paid bills, simply because they were not demanded. Webster was well aware of this, but it seemed to trouble him very little.

On one occasion a creditor presented a bill which seemed familiar, and Webster asked: "Isn't this bill pretty large?"

"I think not," replied the maker of it, confidently.

"Well," said Webster, handing over the money, "every time I have paid that bill it has seemed to me a trifle larger."—*Boston Herald.*

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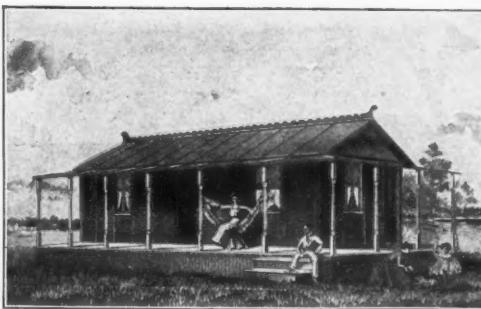
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# LIFE.



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### Victims of Old Jokes.

A HOSPITAL surgeon says that there is more facial paralysis among bank paying tellers, photographers and elevator operators than in any other classes. He accounts for it with the words: "Old jokes."

"Jokes! How so?"

"Whenever a bank clerk hands out a fresh, crisp bill, the man on the other side of the window says, 'New money, eh? Made it yourself, I suppose?' It is up to the teller to force a laugh. The man on the chair says, 'Ain't you afraid I'll break the camera?' He would be mortally wounded if the operator did not laugh. One man out of every ten will enter an elevator and say to the boy at the rope, 'Lots of ups and downs in your life, ain't there?' The boy forces a smile.

"Year after year of this sort of business tells in the long run. The victims come here for treatment, and we can hold out no hope to them unless they get into another line of labor."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



*Owl Tramp: I'VE SEEN BETTER NIGHTS, SIR. WILL YOU GIVE ME THE PRICE OF A DAY'S LODGING?*

### Kept Cutting the Dirt Off.

THE members of the family were camping out south of town for the day and little Georgie had been assigned the work of peeling the potatoes for dinner. After laboring for half an hour he hunted up his mother.

"Mom," he said, "I gotta have some more potatoes."

"Why, I gave you enough for two families like ours," she replied in surprise. "What did you do with them?"

"I forgot to wash my hands," said Georgie; "an' by the time I got all the dirt cut off the potatoes they was too small to eat. I throwed 'em away."—*Kansas City Times*.

THE Police Magistrates so often admonish women complainants to come back and report any further wrongdoing on the part of husbands who have just been released that they fall into the habit of repeating the admonition on every occasion in which a man and wife are concerned. The other day a woman told Magistrate Moss that her husband had threatened to kill her.

"Very well, madam, if he does, you come back and tell me and I will punish him," replied the Magistrate mechanically.—*New York Sun*.

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### Joke on a Minister.

NOT a few preachers would be glad to be the victims of such a practical joke as was recently played upon the Rev. Mr. Hageman, of Oxford, Mich. At the annual meeting of the church of which he is pastor the question of hiring a preacher comes up for discussion.

At the last meeting of this society, when the subject was brought up, a good deacon arose and said: "All those in favor of retaining Brother Hageman for another year—at the same salary—will please rise."

Not a person rose, and the minister, who was present, felt as uncomfortable as possible, and heartily wished himself anywhere else. Then the good deacon who had put the question arose again and said, with a twinkle of the eye: "I see no one favors that motion, so I will put it again in this way: All those in favor of keeping the Rev. Mr. Hageman at an increased salary—will please rise."

Every one got upon his feet. Then it dawned upon Mr. Hageman that he had been the victim of a joke, and a smile lighted his eye, and the color returned to his cheeks. Some of his best friends had planned the surprise, and the little scheme had worked to perfection.—*The Ram's Horn.*

### Chinese Foresight.

REPRESENTATIVE JULIUS KAHN, of California, tells a grimly humorous tale, illustrative of the guile of "the heathen Chinnee."

One day it appears that Dennis Spencer, a prominent criminal attorney of Napa, in the State mentioned, was the recipient of a call from a Chinese, who without circumlocution at once put this question:

"Splose Mr. Spencer, one Chinaman kill 'nother Chinaman wlth hatchet. How much you chlarse make him clear?"

"Oh," exclaimed the lawyer carelessly, "I'd take the case for \$500."

The Chinaman vanished without a word. In about a week he returned and laid the sum of \$500 on Mr. Spencer's desk.

"What's this for?" asked the lawyer.

"You say you take case for \$500," explained the Oriental.

A light burst upon Mr. Spencer. Horrified, he exclaimed:

"You mean to tell me that since I saw you last one of your countrymen has been killed?"

"Certaintly," calmly answered the Chinaman. "I kill him last night."—*New York Times.*

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